The Little Apprentice

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THE EUROPEAN HARVEST FIELD

I am no longer my own, but Thine. Put me to what Thou wilt, rank me with whom Thou wilt; put me to doing, put me to suffering; let me be employed for Thee or laid aside for Thee, exalted for Thee or brought low for Thee; let me be full, let me be empty; let me have all things, let me have nothing; I freely and heartily yield all things to Thy pleasure and disposal. And now, O glorious and blessed God, Father, Son and Holy Spirit, Thou art mine, and I am Thine. So be it. And the covenant which I have made on earth, let it be ratified in Heaven. Amen.

—John Wesley.

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CATHERINE RUTH SMITH, Editor

Strange Laughter

When certain dictators who are conducting an underground, sleight-of-hand, cunning cold war, boast of their numerical superiority, we are not surprised at their cynical laughter. They smile, they boast and laugh. They secretly pile up war material for another world war. Like other dictators who boasted and laughed before they were "cut off" and silenced, they have never read Psalm 2.

"Why do the heathen rage, and the people imagine a vain thing? The kings of the earth set themselves, and the rulers take counsel together, against the Lord, and against his anointed, saying, Let us break their bands asunder, and cast away their cords from us. He that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh: the Lord shall have them in derision. Then shall he speak unto them in his wrath, and vex them in his sore displeasure. Yet have I set my king upon my holy hill of Zion." (Psalm 2.1-6.)

Here we find laughter of a different kind. God speaks, He warns, He judges. Whatever our explanation of God's laughter may be, we know that He is righteous, just, and always has the last word. The Holy Spirit points us to Calvary's Cross. The days may be dark, but God's light and justice shine forth from that victorious Cross of Jesus. He lives, He rules and reigns in our hearts. Glory to His Name!

Now we must rouse ourselves and act with holy boldness. God's weapons of war will overthrow Satan's laughing captives. Self-denial should be a joy. "Europe for Christ" must be our victorious cry. Do not forget Israel. Isaiah's mighty prophetic Book should help us day by day to stand on the living hope, to stand on the watch-tower of real expectancy. "Israel My Glory"! "They shall show forth My praise"! "The ransomed of the Lord shall return . . . with songs of joy."

He loveth cheerful givers.

Yours with a living hope of His Appearing,

F. SPENCER JOHNSON.

4 Eldon House, Lansdowne, Croydon, England.

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The Little Apprentice

A Story by

CATHERINE RUTH SMITH

"Raise the stone and thou shalt find me,
Cleave the wood and there am I."

Ben was sitting by the village fountain, kicking thoughtfully with his bare toes at the pebbles around the well-curb. The women who came to draw water kept glancing at him kindly, and one or two smiled as if they wanted to speak. But Ben did not smile back, and so they turned away and went on filling their water-jars. They discussed the child among themselves as they started back, heavy-laden, to their homes.

"Ben's a strange little fellow," said Joanna, the young wife of the tanner, balancing her water-jar gracefully on her head. "I never could quite make him out."

Sarah, the sister of the town elder, spoke up a little sharply. "He's a good boy, but kind of old-fashioned, that's all. The child's a thinker—and only seven years old, too."

Elizabeth, the third member of the group, sighed softly as she moved the heavy water-jar from one shoulder to the other. She was thinking of her own three young ones at home. "Poor little Ben, he's had a hard time. A child has no sense of security any more, after losing his father suddenly like that. He's too small to realize. And his poor mother not well at all, and that baby brother, little James, to feed too."

The women vied with one another in commiseration for Ben's family as they toiled along the road. The town nestled in a cup-like depression in the midst of hills, and their houses were far up on the slope.

Ben too, back at the fountain, was thinking of his father. It was only two months now since the awful fever had seized him so suddenly, and made him quite unlike the kindly father the boy had always known. For three days he had lain delirious on his narrow bed in their tiny house, not recognizing his wife or Ben or baby James, who toddled to his side and reached up his little hands expectantly. On the fourth day he had died, and all the village had come to mourn with Hannah and her two little boys.

When the burial had taken place, the town elder stopped to speak kindly to Ben, who stood crying bitterly near the grave. "My poor lad, what will you do now?" he asked, putting his hand on the boy's head.

Ben choked back his sobs, dried his eyes, and wiped his nose with the back of his hand. "I shall support my mother, sir," he said with dignity.

If the occasion had not been such a solemn one, the elder would have laughed outright. "I fear you must wait a while for that, my boy," he said gently. "You are far too small."

Ben was remembering those words now, as he looked down at his shabby tunic and his bare feet. It was true, he *was* small for his age. If only he would grow faster! Perhaps he might, if his mother could give him more to eat. But there was not much for any of them. The small hoard of coins his father had left was dwindling, and he knew very well that there was no prospect of getting any more. His mother was not strong enough to work. Only that morning, through the thin partition which separated the sleeping-room

from their simple living-room, he had heard her weeping as she prayed. "O Lord, what will become of us?" she had said over and over.

"People do not know," said Ben to himself. "They look at me, and they see how small I am, and they think I can do nothing. But I can do a great many things. After all, at seven years of age, one is a man."

Ben was thinking hard as he sat there beside the fountain. In his boyish way he was quite practical. His father had been a copyist, who did work for the priests, and wrote letters for people in the town who could not write themselves. Sometimes they would bring letters that they had received, for him to read. It was not highly paid work, but it was something; and they had been happy together, and not hungry, as they were now.

"I wonder if I could be a copyist," reflected Ben. "The only trouble is, I don't know how to write. I can read pretty well, and that is the main thing. I could easily learn the writing a little at a time. Perhaps I had better go home and take father's pens and practise. Only the last time I got ink on myself, and mother said—"

Ben yawned, for the day was warm, and he was drowsy. A kind of inertia kept him sitting there motionless, his head drooping on his breast. His grief and his plans for the future were about to be swallowed up in sleep, when suddenly he started up, wide awake, though there had been no sound, and looked about him. Then he saw that he was not alone.

A man was coming up to the fountain, a young man with wavy brownish hair, and the glow of health on his cheeks. He moved with an easy naturalness born of physical health and vigor, and the satisfaction of a quiet mind. He wore a coarse brown tunic and the simplest kind of sandals, and in his hand he carried a heavy kit of tools. He set it down, opened it, and took out a small cup. Then he came up to the fountain.

Ordinarily, Ben would have been engrossed in the lovely things which were in the open kit, exposed to view. There were beautiful shiny nails of all sizes, carefully arranged in separate little compartments. There was a small container of oil; there was a big gleaming saw with great jagged teeth; and there were more tools for boring holes, and filing things down, and planing them smooth, than Ben could tell the names of. Ben's yellow puppy, which had been sitting disconsolately beside its small master, came up and began sniffing at the tool-kit. But Ben did not even notice this, for his attention was fixed on the young man himself.

The man smiled at Ben in the friendliest sort of way, and then he bent over and gently filled his cup at the fountain. He drank deeply, filled it again, and drained it; then he stood up tall and strong, appearing to be greatly refreshed.

"How good it is," he said. "Would you like a drink, my boy?"

"I have no cup, sir," Ben said respectfully.

"Use mine," the young man said, and he rinsed it carefully and filled it for Ben. "Drink deep, lad. It is living water."

"The God of our fathers will bless you," said Ben, using the polite formula with which people of his race had accosted strangers for centuries.

"And you," said the man, smiling. Ben drained the cup, and then the stranger filled it again and poured some into Ben's cupped hands so that the dog might drink. The puppy lapped it up greedily, spattering it on the thick yellow dust, so that soon there was a little puddle in the road. It took some time before he was satisfied.

"Oh," said Ben, wordless. "Oh. You are very kind, sir."

The young man laughed, and patted the dog's head. "In a minute he'll be gone," thought Ben. "But he mustn't go. I want to talk with him some more. He's so kind."

The boy's gaze wandered now to the wonderful kit of tools. The life of a copyist suddenly seemed remote and uninteresting. He knew well enough what these things were—they were carpenter's tools. He noticed that the young man's hands were rough from hard work. Yet how gentle he had been with the dog. "Oh," thought Ben, "wouldn't it be nice to be a carpenter, and make things? I'd make everything in the world. A new chair for mother, and a little bed for Jamie, and a dog-house for—"

The young man had replaced the cup, closed the tool-case, and taken it up again. With a final glance and smile for Ben, he moved briskly away. He would go to his shop and make wonderful things that the boy would never see. "But I *will* see them," thought Ben. "I want to be a carpenter, like him. Yes, just exactly like him."

He began to follow the young man, cautiously, at a respectful distance. His bare feet made no sound on the soft dust of the roadway. The dog trailed along behind. Ben was a little afraid that the young man might look around and order him away. People generally did not like to be followed by curious small boys.

"I wish I were bigger," said Ben to himself. "Then I'd ask him real nice, . ir, where do you live?' And he'd say, 'Come and see.' Then I'd be a carpenter and make a new house for mother and Jamie and me. A big house, maybe even two stories high. I could begin making things right now, even though I'm so little. I *could* make them . . . I *could* . . . "

He was trotting along now as fast as his small feet could carry him. The puppy was loping after him, his pink tongue hanging out, his big brown eyes fixed on his little master. And as the dog watched him, so Ben watched the young man. "I mustn't lose sight of him," he thought. "Somehow I think he can help me. Maybe—maybe God sent him." He caught his breath as he pondered over this idea. "I prayed this morning. I was praying there by the fountain—or was I sleeping? I guess I did sleep a little. And then I woke up, and there he was."

The young man walked quite fast, though it was uphill, and though he had the heavy tools to carry. He did not seem to be breathless or hurrying, only interested and eager to reach the place where he was going. He moved with the easy assurance of one who knows his way and walks confidently in it. "He'd be a good person to know," thought Ben. "I bet if my mother knew him, she wouldn't cry any more."

Ben almost held his breath with excitement when the young man turned in at the door of a small shop, and disappeared from view. He waited a minute and tried to calm himself; then he went up to the shop and looked in. His heart was beating very fast. Suppose the young man should tell him to go away and not bother him! And yet he had seemed so kind. Ben had followed him all this way, and yet now he was afraid to go in and speak to him. But the puppy was under no such inhibitions. He sniffed at the doorway with an exploratory nose, and lifted a hesitant leg. Ben shouted and tried to drive him away. Then the young man looked out of the door. Ben saw that he had set his tools down on a bench inside.

"What is it?" he asked.

"Please, sir," said Ben, gathering up all his courage, "it's only my puppy Quirinus."

"Quirinus!" said the young man. "Where did you get that name for him?"

"Down in the market-place," Ben explained. "Some men were talking together about Quirinus, the Roman governor. I heard one of them say, 'The governor is a dog,' and so I thought—"

The young man threw back his head and laughed, and after a moment's hesitation, Ben laughed too. Quirinus wriggled uneasily and then sat down on the doorstep, apparently quite at home. Ben wished that he felt at home too.

"Have you followed me all this way?" said the young man kindly.

"Yes, sir," said Ben.

"Why?" The man was looking earnestly into Ben's eyes.

"I—I don't know," said Ben, and choked a little. His big moment had come now, and he was afraid. He shifted his weight from one foot to the other, and kept looking at the young man, who stood motionless, watching him keenly and yet kindly. Not a hair of his head stirred in the breeze, not a muscle of his face quivered. His eyes were gray like the skies at early dawn, and yet there was in them a suggestion of the blueness of the sea. Suddenly Ben thought he was older than he had seemed to be at first. It was as if those two had stood there facing each other, at the doorway of the carpenter's shop, since the world began.

"Please, sir," said Ben at last.

"Well?" said the young man.

"Please, sir, I'm the sole support of a widowed mother." He had gotten it out at last.

"Where did you learn those words?" the young man asked.

"At the services, sir, the day my father was buried. I heard the town elder saying it, and he kind of smiled, like it was funny. I'm the sole support of a widowed mother." He liked the sound of the words. He said them again, a little faster than before, almost chanting them. "I'm the solesupportofawidowedmother."

The young man smiled, but it was a kindly smile, not a scornful one like that of the town elder. He reached out and took Ben's hand, and brought him into the shop. He surveyed the rather rueful little figure; the face still swollen and stained from recent tears, the arms and legs that were not as plump as they should be, the soiled and tattered tunic, the bare dusty feet. Then he smiled again, and lifted Ben up in his strong arms and set him on his carpenter's bench. There was a wonderful big drill right alongside of him. How nice it would be to work it, Ben thought. He noticed for the first time that the place smelled delightfully of sawdust and clean, fresh, unpainted wood.

The young man saw that Ben was tired, and close to tears again. He looked about him. The floor of the shop was littered with recent shavings. He bent down and carefully selected two that were long and unbroken and perfect. Ben had dark curly hair, a little damp just now with sweat. The young man brushed it back, wiped the boy's forehead with his hand, and carefully affixed the shavings, one in front of his left ear, the other in front of his right. They made a splendid pair of earrings. From a rack behind his bench, the young man took down a small square of polished brass which served as a mirror. He held it up, so that Ben could see himself. The boy couldn't help smiling. "Oh," he said. "Oh, they're nice!"

The young man put his hands on Ben's shoulders, and looked thoughtfully at him. Ben glanced up at him for a second. How clear his eyes were, he thought, and how kind. And then the boy looked quickly away again. There was more in the gaze of those eyes than any lad of seven could meet or fathom. But, beyond all doubt, there was a curious attraction between these two. It was evident from the very first moment of their speaking together. It

was as if Ben not only needed the young man, but the young man, in some strange way, needed him.

"He's so kind," thought Ben. "Kinder than any man I've known, except my father." And at the thought of his father, weariness and grief had their way with him, and the tears began to flow.

"Don't cry," said the young man. "I know how it is. You see, I'm the sole support of a widowed mother too."

Ben was heartened by these words, and he brushed away the tears, sat up very straight, and poured forth his story, as one man to another, who shares his problems and can understand.

"Sir, I need some work to do. My father was a copyist, but you see, I can't write. But I can do lots of things. Could you—would you please let me come here and work for you, and be your servant? I could help you in ever so many ways."

The young man regarded him thoughtfully. "What is your name?" he asked.

"Benjamin, sir. But everyone calls me Ben."

"And what would you do for me, Ben?" his new friend asked, after a moment.

Ben looked around the shop. "Sir, I would keep everything in good order for you. When you were busy making things, I would lay out the nails you wanted, and bring your tools, and hand them to you. I would sort the boards, and put the long ones and the short ones together. When you were sawing, I would hold the end of the board for you, so that it wouldn't slip. Afterwards I could sweep up the sawdust, and the shavings." He lifted a hand and proudly touched the new ornaments which he wore. One would have to be very industrious, to be worthy of those long, lovely earrings. "When you made small things for people, I could deliver them for you, and bring you back the money, if you would let me. I would bring your lunch if your mother wanted to send it to you. And I could learn to do many other things, if you would only show me how. I will work hard, sir, and always obey you."

The young man put his hand on Ben's dark hair. "You are a good lad," he said. "But there is one thing you must understand. I am very poor myself. There will be days when I may not even have a crust of bread to share with you; when our only comfort will be a draught of water from the fountain, such as we had today. I have nothing but what I earn. Perhaps you would have an occasional coin to carry home to your mother, and that would be all."

"Mother likes to have a coin or two in the house," said Ben eagerly. "Once when she had one, she lost it, and she cleaned the whole house, until she found it. But even if you had no coins at all to give me, sir, I would gladly work for you, and learn your trade."

"So let it be," said the young man, smiling. "Now it is time for you to have something to eat. We can talk further, while we rest."

So the arrangement, informal yet most important to Ben, was concluded. Of course he would have to ask his mother's permission, but he knew she would say yes. She couldn't help being glad that he had found such a wonderful place to work.

The young man brought water from a jar in the corner, and bathed the boy's face and hands, and washed the dust from his bare feet. Ben wanted to protest—it didn't seem right for him to do such a thing. But his new master's hands were so kind that he only wished he could feel their touch forever. So he looked down, shyly, and said nothing. Then the young man brought out bread and dried fish, and laid them on the carpenter's bench.

"Tomorrow I will have some milk for you," he said. "But these things must serve us now. Let us thank God."

Ben bowed his head, as his mother had taught him, while the young man prayed in simple words that the boy could understand, asking God's blessing upon the food, upon them as they partook of it, upon their families and their work. Also he asked that they might be kept close to God, and that He might live in their hearts. Ben was very hungry, and the simple food tasted so good to him: it was like some wonderful banquet that one might eat in a golden palace, with glorious banners waving overhead. Yet there was no palace and no banquet, but only the gentle, ministering hands of the young man, and the plain food, and the quiet carpenter-shop.

Afterwards he gave Ben a box of nails to sort, and put into the little compartments in his kit; and he let him keep all the bent ones for himself. Then he showed the boy a wonderful thing: if you held them very steady, and hit them a certain way with the hammer, most of the crooked nails could be made quite straight again. Ben had never known this before, and his new-found wisdom filled him with pride and joy.

"When I have time, I will show you how to make things," said the young man. "We will save some short pieces of board, and when we have enough, perhaps we can make a little house for Quirinus to sleep in when it rains."

Ben's eyes were shining with delight. "That would be wonderful," he said, catching his breath. "Mother doesn't like to have me take him in my bed."

"No, I should think not," said the young man, smiling.

"Quirinus was just a little bit sick one night, and I was taking care of him," Ben went on. "He curled up right beside me under the blanket, and was very good. But she came in and made me put him out, and of course he felt very badly. I don't think she quite understood." He paused, then asked the question that is part of the terrific, even painful process of growing up. "Sir, did your mother always understand you, when you were a boy like me?"

The young man did not answer at once. He had taken up an ox-yoke that he was making, and laid it on the bench; he was bending over it, smoothing and polishing it with care, so that it would not gall the animal's neck. Ben watched him, fascinated, yet waiting for the answer to his question. Then the carpenter straightened up, and turned to speak to him.

"No, not always," he said. "Once when I was a boy, but older than you are now, we went on a journey, my father and mother and myself, to a city far away. And in that city there was something that interested me, something I had to do. I stayed behind when the others started for home. No, my mother didn't understand. She and . . . my father were greatly troubled."

His eyes had a far-away look, and Ben did not feel like asking him any more questions. The young man stood still for a moment, lost in thought. Then Ben saw him sweep up the crumbs and a few crusts that still remained from their lunch, and bend down and give them to Quirinus.

That was the beginning. This apprenticeship was the greatest thing that had ever happened to Ben in all his short life. Somehow, in spite of what the young man had said, there was always plenty of food for the boy. He grew plump and rosy, he forgot that he had ever cried, and the shop often echoed with the joyful laughter of childhood. Ben was so diligent and so eager to learn that he was a real help, almost from the very first day. It is easy to serve, where one loves; and Ben came to love the master-carpenter. He was so kind! There were many things he taught the boy to make, and always he was gentle and patient in his teaching. The dog-house for Quirinus soon became a reality, and there was a little chair for the baby brother, and a smooth white board on which Ben's mother could cut the bread for her small family.

Like every other kind of work, the trade had its occupational hazards. There was the day when Ben, running eagerly across the shop to show the master some triumph of his youthful carpentering, stepped on a nail that had somehow up-ended itself in the earthen floor. The boy had grown stout of heart and strong, in that wholesome atmosphere of pure companionship and love. So he did not cry, but made as if he had forgotten something and would turn away to fetch it. But the young man knew instantly what had happened. He called to Ben, and the boy turned and came limping over to him, trying to smile and pretend that it did not hurt. "It was only a nail," he said.

"A nail-wound can be very painful," said the young man. "Let me see." As he had done that first day, he washed the boy's foot, and then brought some ointment that was a necessity in a carpenter's shop, where cuts and bruises were of frequent occurrence. He carefully dressed and bandaged the wound; when Ben's mother saw it that night, she said that no woman could have cared for it more expertly. Then he ordered Ben to stay quiet for a while—no more running around.

"Have you no sandals to wear, my boy?" he asked, while he was treating the injury.

"I have a pair that I wear to the services, on the seventh day of the week," said the boy. "My mother wants me to keep them nice. And I don't mind going barefoot the rest of the time. Really I don't."

The young man smiled, and said it was time for lunch. It was a special treat: delicious bread that his mother had made, and a honeycomb. Enjoying himself, Ben soon forgot all about his accident.

At the end of the week, Ben (whose foot was almost well) went with his mother to the worship service as usual. The carpenter was there, and after the service the boy saw him talking with Simeon, the tanner. He saw him press a coin into Simeon's hand. A few days later, when the boy came into the shop in the morning, there on the carpenter's bench stood a pair of beautiful brown sandals, the sturdy kind that a boy would need for everyday wear, and they looked as if they were exactly his size. Ben squealed and jumped up and down for joy, but he was a little shy about touching them until the master said he could. He came in just a minute later, and the sandals were tried on; they were a perfect fit.

"I can't thank you enough, sir," said Ben. "And do you know, it's my birthday next week. I'm going to be eight years old."

"Eight years old," said the young man thoughtfully. "We must keep the feast together, you and I."

(*To be concluded*)

Made Perfect in Weakness

Bowen, Mendoza, Argentina, July 11, 1953.

Dear Sister in the Lord, Ekaterina Normanovna:-

Your letter of June 30th, with check enclosed, was received a couple of days ago. With all our hearts we always give thanks to God and to you, dear sister, for your regular help and your care concerning us. May the Lord reward and bless you many-fold.

You write that the last month, June, has flown so quickly for you, and that the very hot month of July is now at hand. What a contrast! With us, during the past month of June, the weather was very gloomy, damp and cold. The onset of this month heralded the coming of a very distressing and per-

sistent epidemic of grippe. Almost everyone came down with it. Whole families fell ill in their homes all at once, so that in many cases there was nobody to take care of them. With the old and feeble it quickly passed into pneumonia, and many of them failed to survive. It did not pass us by either. First my wife fell ill, and then in a few days I came down with it too. My poor wife was so anxious about me, and sick as she was herself, she got out of bed in order to take care of me. We called a doctor whom we know well, the one who treated me after my fall from the cart; and knowing my condition, he began an earnest and diligent effort to keep the disease from reaching my already enfeebled lungs. Long ago, while I was still in Europe, in Poland, during my missionary journeys in the winter, in devastated places, following the first World War, I sometimes had to sleep at night in damp mud-huts, on the cold floor, or, more accurately speaking, on the damp earth, with only a light covering of straw. Then I became very ill, I caught the grippe, which almost made an end of me. Somehow I survived, but with serious and severe complications: the upper part of the lungs was affected, I had a dry pleurisy, and an inflammation of the middle ear. Only by the special mercy of God, in answer to the prayers of His children, was I healed. However, the consequences remained, and especially the pleurisy always made itself felt, and often hindered me in my work. This in truth was given me as a "thorn in the flesh."

As you already know, several months ago I had a bad fall from a cart, onto the hard paved road, and injured that same side in which I already had the pleurisy. It took some time for me to recover. And I was still not as well as I might have been, when suddenly in the past month this tormenting grippe laid me low again. There were times when we both lay sick, and the doctor would come and have to find for himself anything that he might require.

Finally I began to feel better, the doctor allowed me to get up and walk about a little in the house. Then, for several days, I began to go outdoors a little, went to a meeting in Bowen, and had to go to the postoffice on business. Suddenly again I was thrown into a chill, then into a fever, and my temperature began to rise. The doctor again began to give me injections of penicillin, streptomycin, and other drugs. This time I was worse than before. At times it really seemed that the hour had come for me to depart and be with the Lord. But He, in His great mercy, strengthened me anew, and gave healing and relief. Now, thank God, I can already work a little at home on my correspondence, and can also attend the meetings in Bowen, and am gradually recovering my strength.

During the time of our sickness we had still another experience. There came from the country, from the colony of Escandinavia, into Bowen, a certain brother with his sick and aged mother. When the doctor had examined her, he directed the young man to put up somewhere close at hand, so that every three hours he might attend her, and take all possible measures to save her life. But the brother could not find a place anywhere, and though we were ill ourselves, we had to take him and his sick mother into our house. For a period of three days, day and night, every three hours, the doctor and the pharmacist would come, trying to save the woman's life. However, in spite of all their efforts, the third night she quietly slipped away into eternity. All this in our apartment! Though it was a difficult experience for us, especially for my wife, who unselfishly helped and tended the woman in every way, yet in all this we saw the hand of God. The dead woman was the mother of a brother in Christ, but though at times she had visited our meetings in the colony of Escandinavia, where our center is located, yet she could

never make up her mind to give herself to the Lord. During her illness, my wife, while attending her, had a good opportunity to testify to her, to pray, and to bring her to the point of accepting the Lord. And so, glory be to God for such an opportunity,—a precious chance, dearly bought.

And so, dear sister Ekaterina Normanovna, that is the way we spent the month of June. Now July has come, with its frosts, winds, and chilling storms. The sands of Mendoza, whipped up by the winds, are swept along like a cloud, blinding the eyes of the unfortunate passerby. Such changes in climate are typical of South America. But the Lord is in control of all this. May His holy Name be praised in everything!

We continue to receive interesting and joyful news from various places. Recently we received a most heartening letter from Brother I. S. Kesisoglou, who became a believer while in prison in Athens, through reading our tracts and magazines, which were distributed by Sister E. Misirioti. In a most wonderful way, he was set free from prison before his term expired, after he had become a believer. He became a new creature, a new man. The prison authorities saw and reported this, and the Ministry, on the basis of this information, gave the order for his release. I am enclosing his letter, written the second day after his release. I hope you may be able to make it all out, though in some places his writing is not so clear. Let us pray that the Lord may make this man His instrument, for His glory and for the salvation of many souls.

Dear sister, I must apologize to you, because so far I have been unable to write my article for you, in celebration of our twenty-fifth anniversary with your society. Now we are already well into the twenty-sixth year. The Lord will give me the opportunity still to do this, even though briefly.

Do not send us anything more than the regular monthly sum. It may be you have a greater need in some other places.

We remain, yours in the love of Christ, and always making mention of you in our prayers,

JOHN and MARY KOVALCHUK.

An Extraordinary Grandmother

Ludwigsburg, Germany, June, 1953.

Dear Prayer-helpers:-

"The people which sat in darkness saw a great light; and to them which sat in the region and shadow of death, light is sprung up" (Matthew 4.16).

And yet we hear the Lord pronounce His "Woe" unto the cities where His mighty works were done, and a whole line of "Woe's" in Matthew 23., on those who scorned Him and His message. We need not wonder, then, to see similar unwillingness manifested today; the world has not grown better.

It is deplorable when the results strike those who have had ample opportunity to come to the Light, like a certain Mr. K. with whom we have been dealing. Though he had been warned by various friends, he kept on "chumming" with a neighbor who loves drink, and had previously maltreated others. So the time came also to this Mr. K. He was in an apparently friendly discussion with the neighbor in front of the house, as his mother-in-law testifies. Later he was enticed to the edge of the camp, and there beaten up with a "knuckle-duster," till his life was despaired of. The police let the attacker go on the plea of self-defense, falsely. Now he does not dare to stay in the camp for fear that others will beat him up, in retaliation. It may end in his being killed, or so the rumor goes.

Besides his other injuries, Mr. K. has a fractured skull, which compels him to lie flat on his back in the hospital for four weeks. As he has his family and other visitors, I waited for two weeks before going to see him, so that, when the others had gone, I might speak to him privately. I tried to show him the seriousness of passing away to eternity unprepared. As usual, he listened quietly, but did he take God's invitation through Christ, as offered? That was what I wanted to know, and encouraged him to ask questions, expecting some that would show his spiritual attitude. He had often heard the way of salvation, and what do you think he asked? I could hardly believe my ears, as he said he had something confidential to ask, just about money!

He related how his father had invested considerable money in a "Cooperative" venture, of which the parish priest was the president. After a few years he had absconded with all the available money, and departed to America. Now the sick man, beginning to feel better, was figuring out a way to compel the priest to refund the money, when he himself should get to America also. Not yet out of danger of his life, after that fracas, and only money is foremost in his mind. What will it take to bring such a man to more serious thoughts? On the verge of eternity, yet he refuses to consider his true situation.

This sick man is a Greek Catholic, his wife and mother Evangelical, just by name. They have seen people around them converted, yet remain as indifferent as ever. Now they know the priest is a thief and a deceiver, but will stick to the system none the less. One of his friends, a barber, who moved to another town, took a step to the Lord last week. There we have also started a meeting, even in the dwelling of that barber. For some reason, instead of continuing the Bible study, I had a free talk which seemed to touch him, so that he was willing to kneel and ask the Lord to forgive him. He even said that he does believe his sins are forgiven. Our experience has taught us to wait for the results of such claims, hoping that it may be a real and fruitful faith, not mere talk.

His wife was also present, but it is one of the strangest marriages—they understand each other enough to get married, but not to get along together in the ways of life. I tried to accommodate her by repeating many sentences in German, but evidently it did not reach her deeply enough, she would not bow down, merely kept on grinning. Later I found out that she is fond of dancing, and had even removed her wedding ring from her finger before going out, so that other men might think her still single. But her husband noticed it and scolded her roundly for it. This hankering after worldly pleasures, in spite of the restricted living, keeps many from the Lord. They prefer the pleasures of the world for a season, and evade what may point them to eternity.

Last week I had a curious experience. A man who had been attending regularly for some time was absent from the meeting, so I went to see why. His mother-in-law had been visiting them for the last few weeks. Since she claims to be Evangelical, I did not expect any difficulty from that side, as usually they are indifferent, spiritually dead. The more evident reason seemed to be again the dance, as the young wife wants to enjoy her life! That evening the young folks were not in yet, both working, so I met the grandmother alone with the little boy. I introduced the talk by some inconsequential inquiries about her home, etc., and all seemed smooth. But as soon as the name of GOD was mentioned, the fireworks started. I wish I had a movie camera, to be able to catch it in the original. Though I have faced many strange situations, I never saw anything like it.

EDNA PLAYS—THE CHILDREN SING

This grandma is of the small, slim type, usually sedate, so no one would expect to see her thus excited. It was like pulling the trigger of a gun, so quickly was she transformed into a fury. With her fists upraised and her face distorted by passion, she actually jumped up and down, screaming: "There is no justice, there can be no God. I don't believe there is any; if there was one, He could not look on such injustice," and so on, and so on. Anyone who has never seen such an outburst would have difficulty in believing it. She described what she felt to be an injustice that had been done to her and her family: the husband and daughters suddenly taken away for compulsory work, leaving her with the small children without sufficient bread, etc. One who did not know the real situation might be moved by her recital of the sufferings of an innocent family. But she did not mention what profits they had by partaking of the Hitler regime, and what hardship that caused to innocent people.

Despite all the talk about Evangelical Germany, these people, especially the so-called Sudeten Germans, are spiritually dead. Bursting with thoughts of politics and revenge, they speak their minds out freely. No wonder, then, that there is little interest in the Word of God; and so this grandma had to show her hatred of the Bible, though she is really ignorant of it. While I was trying to point out some truth to her, she blurted out that the Book is full of mistakes, from the very beginning—and dished out the old story about Cain's wife! Claiming to know all about it, she would not accept any reason or evidence offered to her. I just had to leave her, as she would not calm down. It is deplorable to think of the influence she has on her Roman Catholic son-in-law!

Though formally hating the Roman Catholic Church, these people dance with them, or drink and carouse in any form. No wonder the Romanists find ready "converts" among them. The Catholics also have a great lever in hand, by controlling a large part of the immigration facilities, and considerable charity funds, even those given from the Protestant side. No wonder many are afraid to come in contact with the propagation of the Gospel, lest they get into bad graces with the priests. Naturally, such unreasonable talk as that of this grandmother plays into their hands. Where is the Reformation spirit and teaching? What seed does such a woman sow, and finds ready hearers—no justice, no God, no eternity, no punishment—just enjoy life in its deceits, there is nothing else to come!

It would be indeed a sad outlook, but for the promises of the Lord. He wants us to sow the seed, HE attends to the harvest. One of the redeeming features is the work with the children, despite the hindrances from the parents. It does one good to hear some of these young folk praying to be fruitful, so they will not have to stand before the Lord empty-handed. Or they pray to be able to bring their parents to conversion, even the so-called "Evangelicals." When their own hearts have been made alive, then they see the dead pretensions of others. That encourages us to go on, and ask you to continue to pray, that the Lord may have His glory in the salvation of souls. Thank you for so faithfully standing by us in prayer and help. May the Lord bless your efforts also in your home work, is our prayer.

In the Master's glad service, yours,

CHARLES and EDNA LUKESH.

Latest News Flashes

END OF A MINISTRY.—During the past seven years, the American-European Fellowship has had the privilege of sending literally thousands of clothing-packages overseas, to our missionaries and to a list of some four hundred needy Christian families. The contents of these packages—except in case of special requests—were entirely the gift of our generous friends in this country. For several years it was our custom to pack and wrap at least one large box each day, personally, without any break or intermission, even during vacation-time.

The first of August, this year, has seen a very substantial increase in the parcel-post rates, which seriously affects the problem of sending packages abroad. We formerly paid, to most European countries, 14c a pound. We now pay 45c for the first pound, 22c for each additional pound. Thus the cost has practically doubled. A ten-pound package formerly cost $1.40; it would now cost $2.43. We have regularly spent thirty, forty, even fifty dollars a month for parcel-post costs alone; but under the new system, we would have to spend over a hundred dollars to send the same amount.

Accordingly, it seems very clear to us that the Lord is definitely calling us to end this part of our ministry, which has meant so much in time and money, and has of course gladdened many hearts abroad. Brother Stettler found himself compelled, some time ago, to bring to an end his clothing-ministry from Switzerland, as it was taking too much time from other work even more valuable. We have a similar feeling. Therefore, we would emphatically request our kind friends not to send us any more clothing for shipment abroad. In making this request we wish once more to record our gratitude to the many who have been generous in sending those gifts, often adding kind notes and donations toward postage; and to those other good friends in Yonkers who through the years have assisted in wrapping the packages and transporting them to the postoffice. May God richly bless all, and may He open other channels for the care of the needy.

Our hearts have been deeply stirred, as have the hearts of all, by newspaper and radio reports of the delivery of the "Eisenhower packages" of food to the people of East Germany. May God bless this vast ministry also. We firmly believe that it will have effects more far-reaching than the eye can now see.

EXTRA COPIES.—Sometimes, when we are feeling particularly grateful to some friend for a kindness shown, we slip a few extra copies of THE EUROPEAN HARVEST FIELD into his or her regular envelope. Please accept these as a trust, to be passed on to someone you know.

AMERICAN-EUROPEAN FELLOWSHIP RECEIPTS, June-July, 1953

(The First National Bank in Yonkers is depositary for all gifts. Contributions to the Fellowship are deductible from Federal income tax returns.)

36685---$7.00	36708---$1.00	36731--$15.00	36754---$1.00
36686---25.00	36709---25.00	36732---10.00	36755---10.00
36687----1.00	36710---30.00	36733---10.00	36756---75.00
36688----5.00	36711---10.00	36734----1.00	36757----3.00
36689----7.50	36712----3.00	36735---75.00	36758----3.00
36690---75.00	36713---35.00	36736----3.00	36759----5.00
36691---40.00	36714----1.00	36737----3.00	36760----5.00
36692---10.00	36715----2.50	36738---50.00	36761---10.00
36693----5.00	36716----5.00	36739---10.00	36762----5.00
36694----5.00	36717---50.00	36740---75.00	36763---36.00
36695----5.00	36718---10.00	36741----1.00	36764----1.00
36696----1.00	36719----5.00	36742----2.00	36765---75.00
36697----5.00	36720---25.00	36743---10.00	36766---30.00
36698---10.00	36721---20.00	36744----2.00	36767----1.00
36699---10.00	36722----1.00	36745---10.00	36768----5.00
36700---20.00	36723---29.00	36746---26.00	36769---35.00
36701---10.00	36724----5.00	36747---15.00	36770---10.00
36702---10.00	36725----5.00	36748---10.00	36771---15.00
36703---50.00	36726----5.00	36749---10.00	36772----2.00
36704---10.00	36727---10.00	36750---15.00	36773---50.00
36705---15.00	36728---50.00	36751---25.00	36774----2.00
36706---50.00	36729---15.00	36752----5.00	36775---10.00
36707---81.00	36730--100.00	36753----3.00	36776--853.80

TRUCE IN KOREA.—Many of our friends have no doubt received, as we have, a card from CARE with the above heading. It continues as follows: "After three years, the killing and destruction has come to an end. The military war is over, but death and despair have not stopped. CARE is in Korea to help win 'the other war,' the war against hunger, disease and poverty. CARE's food and textile packages and Self-Help Tools are available for speedy distribution now, when the need is greatest. Supplementing the relief and rehabilitation work of our Army and UNKRA, the CARE for Korea Program will immediately translate your contribution into person-to-person aid. CARE appeals to you. Each package will be an act of mercy, giving life and bearing its message of friendship and new hope. Send your contributions in any amount to: CARE for Korea, 660 First Avenue, New York 16, N. Y."

"ANONYMOUS" GIFTS.—In checking over our records we find the following gifts which bear no name: Receipt No. 36269, letter postmarked New York City, December 26, 1952, containing gift of $10.00; Receipt No. 36327, postmarked St. Petersburg, Florida, January 9, 1953, gift of $1.00. If these givers will kindly reveal their identity, proper receipts will be sent.

THE LORD OUR HEALER.—There has been much sickness this summer among our circle of Fellowship friends, but there have also been reports of wonderful healings. We especially give thanks for the Lord's mercy to dear friends in Lomita and Ventura, California. The Secretary-Treasurer also wishes to record her gratitude for deliverance from what might have been serious illness. Prayers are asked for Sister Emmy H. Steyrer, in Vienna, whose heart is giving her constant trouble; and for Mrs. George H. Dowkontt, in Brooklyn, who has not been at all strong. August 14th was the first anniversary of the home-going of our beloved Dr. Dowkontt, and we know well that these times of special remembrance are hard to bear. May God bless and strengthen these and all other kind friends, we pray.